

The Lady, The Pipe
and The Skull;
A TRAGEDIAN'S ROMANCE.
By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.
SEE SUNDAY'S WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.
BURNED OUT.

Only Smoking Ruins Remain
of the Fifth Avenue
Theatre.

Firemen's Vain Battle to
Save the Famous
Playhouse.

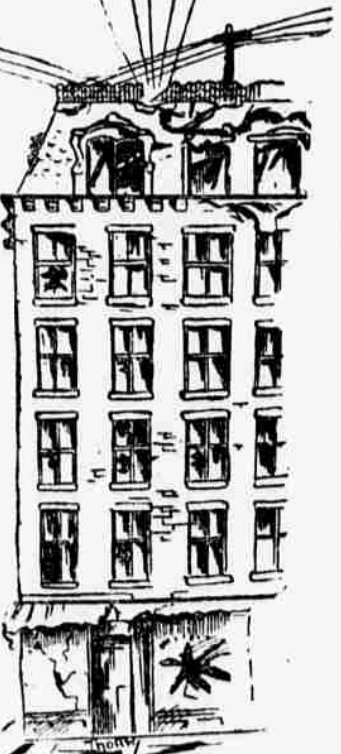
Sturtevant House Takes Fire,
and Its Upper Floors Are
Burned Out.

Herrmann's Theatre Escapes with
Slight Damage from
Water.

Story of the Most Thrilling Fire
on Upper Broadway
for Years.

Melpomene tuned her lyre in her place on the
stage of Harry Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre
this morning, but its notes were drowned by
the sound of splashing water from lines of fire
hoses falling upon what had been one of New
York's prettiest playhouses.

From Broadway the front presents no change
in appearance. The Twenty-eighth street front



STURTEVANT HOUSE.
shows a clean wall, but not a window is in its
frame, and through the window openings the
pale blue winter sky is seen with unobscured
view.

Looking in at the stage door one sees not a
single symbol by which he might tell what had
been there.

Consuming fire completely obliterated the
interior of the Fifth Avenue Theatre in the
early hours this morning and left no sign of its
existence.

The four walls remain, but the galleries, the
stage, the scenery, the frescoes, the iron-
furniture seats are gone as completely as they
had never been made, and the iron-work is
covered by a smouldering heap of blackened
rubbish that has no character, no shape.

William Daniel Finn, making his first tour
of the house eighteen minutes after the doors
had closed on the last of the departing audi-
ence that he seemed to be a man who had
been passed down the centre aisle was thrilled
and startled by bright, greedy flames on the
stage.

There were but two other persons in the
building, actors dressing for the street. Finn
ran out through the lobby crying: "Fire! fire!"
Theater Cook, he is a man who is usually
counting up the handsome receipts of the night
in the box office, started, too, hastily gathered
up everything, locked his safe and sought
Broadway.

The police had already sent out an alarm,
and the nearest fire-engines were thundering
up the street approaching the theatre.
Already the flames illumined the whole area
so charmingly opened to the people last
August, in bright new trappings and elegant
and luxurious fittings.

Already the magnificent scenery constructed

MONDAY--THE WORLD'S HALF-RATE SITUATION DAYS--SATURDAY.
The
EVENING EDITION
of the
World.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891.

IT WAS A FAMOUS PLAYHOUSE.

History of the Fifth Avenue Theatre
—Mr. Miner's Costly Improvements.

Mr. Miner took possession of the Fifth Avenue Theatre last Spring, and spent \$10,000 on it, almost rebuilding it, refitting and refurnishing it from top to bottom. It was opened Aug. 11, with Cora Tanner in "The Iron." It has been remarkably successful as a combination house during the season, and Harry Davenport played "Cleopatra" there last evening to a large and refined audience.

To-day there remains the four walls with the sky for a roof. The walls are completely stripped of figure and adornment. Where the stage was is now a pile of cinders, and the dressing-rooms have disappeared. Here and there a line of gas pipe, blackened and grimed, stretches, bent and twisted, in the air.

The architectural skill of J. D. Allen, of Philadelphia, and the decorative art of Emmert A. Quattrone, of Baltimore, were brought into play by Mr. Miner to make the most beautiful theatre in New York.

The work was begun in May and finished in August. The auditorium had twelve boxes of Moorish design, the interior decorations being of paper and fresco. The gallery fronts were entirely of metal, the colors of alabaster and gold.

Charles V. Kelly, a young man who had been ill and helpless in his bed, in room 408, Fourth floor, for weeks, was the coolest person in the hotel. He was picked up and carried downstairs and to a place of safety.

The other guests sought refuge in the Gilsey House, and from there saw the upper floor at the Twenty-ninth street corner, from where they watched the fire. Tongues of fire were thrust out at the windows, and for a time the Sturtevant seemed doomed.

Only the hardest kind of fighting saved this hotel, but the fire was finally subdued. The guests of the Brower House took alarm at this scene, and pandemonium reigned there for a time and until nearly every guest had gathered up his effects and vacated his room.

It was not till 3.30 o'clock that the fire was out in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and then it was only because there was not another scrap of combustible material within its reach.

Harry Miner, who had thrown his whole heart into his Broadway play-house and had seen in it the grand culmination of a long life as a theatrical manager, leaned against a railing on the opposite side of Broadway and saw his idol burn.

He was apparently nonchalant, and seemed to relax his cigar in his usual blasé way. He was in his little office in the theatre when the fire broke out, and when he had taken his first look at the conflagration he said simply:

"Thank God, the audience left before that fire began!"

It was a famous playhouse.

Eight Rooms on the Upper Floors
Burned Out—Guests All Unharmed.

The taking fire of the Sturtevant House was one of the strangest features of the disaster. Very few of the guests at the hotel had gone to bed when the alarm of fire was sent out from the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and most of those asleep were awakened by the tremendous racket in the street which followed the arrival of the fire-engines.

From 11.45 until nearly 1 o'clock, the front windows of the hotel were crowded with people watching the progress of the fire in the centre of the block across the street.

Those in the top floor of the hotel, however, were soon driven from the windows by the fierce blaze from the burning theatre, which swept over the roofs of the buildings on the other side of the street, the air being well and driving millions of sparks and firebrands against the front of the Sturtevant House and scattering them over the roof.

The firemen were so busy trying to protect the houses adjoining the Fifth Avenue Theatre that they did not notice the heaps of burning cinders that were collecting upon the mansard roof and along the eaves of the hotel on the other side of the street.

Those in the hotel were also forgetful and

Sturtevant House on Fire.

Entrance to the burned theatre.

The walls were finished in plaster relief, in Elizabethan style, having designs of interlaced forms, with colors of peach, ivory, alabaster and gold. The wainscots were surmounted by a row of figures in bas-relief. The dome was of alabaster and gold, with colored ornamentations.

The proscenium arch was richly decorated and a fire-proof curtain was hung inside an act door curtain painted in oil by Maeder and Schaeffer, representing "The Pompeian Dance."

The auditorium was luxurious. The chairs were of the pattern known as "Sleepy Hollow chairs," with high backs, heavily upholstered in crimson plush.

Pendent from the dome was a 700-jet chandelier, and the house was lighted by electricity.

The floor was covered with soft and luxurious carpets of Wilton velvet, and the house was beautiful and charming home-like.

The Twenty-eighth street lobby was decorated in oil and stucco work, with borders, and the ceiling was frescoed with cloud effects. There was an elegant ladies' drawing-room, the Brower lobby was finished in Italian style in Elizabethan style, the most expensive decoration known.

The stage fittings were exceedingly elaborate and complete, and the whole was a model theatre for the audience and for the players as well.

At this was completely destroyed by the fire, and the ruin was as complete as that of the burned Pompeii.

Mr. Miner said his losses would reach \$100,000, and that he had only \$50,000 insurance.

It is remarkable in view of the complete destruction of Mr. Miner's theatre, that the fire did not extend to the stores and adjoining buildings. In truth, the firemen devoted themselves to saving the adjoining property.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre was owned by the Peter Gilsey estate. It was originally known as Apollo Hall, and was built in 1873. Augustus Daly leased it, and occupied it for ten years, calling it the Fifth Avenue Theatre, after his theatre in Madison Square, which had been burned.

Harry Davenport appeared here among Mr. Daly's first productions of that class of plays derisively called "millinery and upholstery drama" because of the introduction of New York drawing-rooms and their furnishings into the stage-scenes.

Clara Morris blossomed here in "Artistic 45," "Led Astray," "Lemon," "Lash," "Pique," "Invincible," and other plays marked Mr. Daly's managerial career here.

When he opened his present theatre, in 1887, he took his stock company with him, including Davenport, Charles Fisher, James Lewis and Mr. Gilbert.

James H. Haverly, the great minstrel, leased the Fifth Avenue Theatre next, and he was succeeded by John Nelson.

Then Mr. Miner became the lessee last May.

It was eighteen years ago yesterday that Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre in Twenty-fourth street went up in flames and smoke, and obliged the manager to leave Apollo Hall, where the famous "Committee of Seventy" had its famous reform meeting a few weeks before.

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HOW WOMEN PULL TEETH.
DESCRIPTION OF A STARTLING DEPARTURE
IN DENTISTRY.
Rev. Dr. MacQuary's Defence.
HE STANDS STOUTLY BY HIS GUNS AND
ANSWERS HIS CRITICS.
GEN. HOWARD WRITES ANOTHER LETTER ON THE INDIANS.
Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.

Will Gladstone Retire?

A Rumor at Which the Liberals
Appear to Laugh.

But Which Is Said to Cause Them
No Little Nervousness.

[DUNEL'S CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.]

LONDON, Jan. 3.—Some sensation has been caused here by the rumor that Mr. Gladstone is about to leave a manifesto announcing his retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party.

The Gladstonians characterize the report as absurd, and point to the excellent health and spirits of the Great Old Man as an irrefragable proof of the idiosyncrasy of the rumor.

In spite of their protestations, however, they are nervously fearful lest Mr. Gladstone, finding that the split in the Nationalists ranks has landed him in a political cul-de-sac, regarding Home Rule, meditates retirement as the readiest way out of the difficulty.

Everything is still at sixes and sevens regarding the future of the Liberal party, and the position of that gentleman in the Liberal ranks.

The disposition to believe that the "Iron-bound King" is at last wavering from the position he has held so determinedly, when traced to its source, seems to have no better authority than Mr. Michael Davitt, who in his own mind is convinced that Mr. Gladstone's popularity in Ireland is on the wane, and that he will soon be as dead politically as Pott is physically.

He therefore argues that when the ex-leader perceives that he is virtually defunct he will be willing to make way for O'Brien.

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